

**the wesleyan**

**scribes'**

**issue**



# the WESLEYAN

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1962

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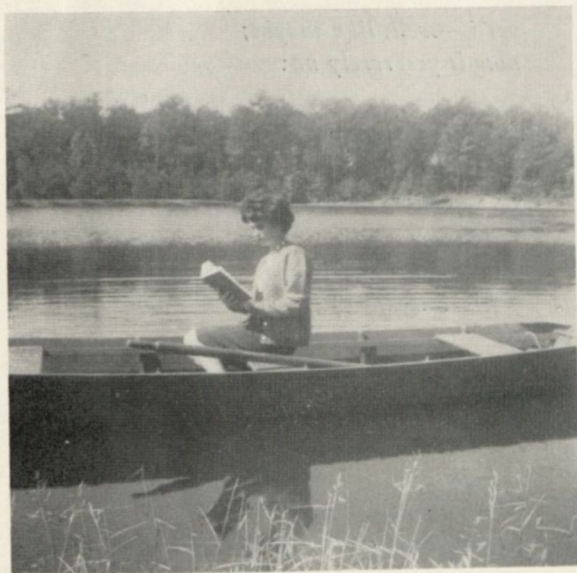


ROXANNA ARRINGTON

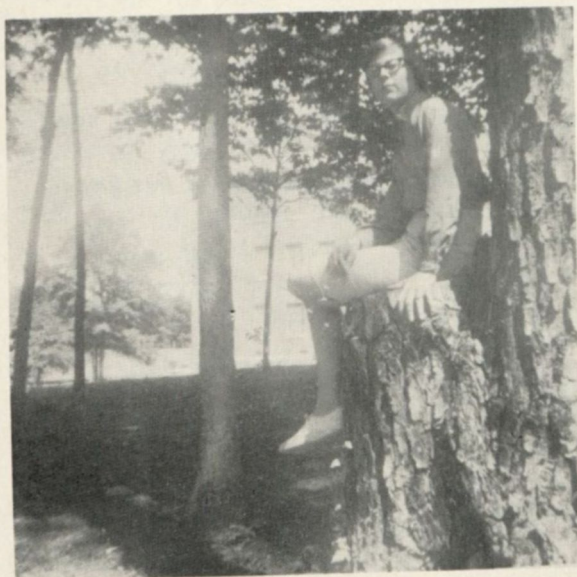


ROWENA DAWSON

1962



EVA B. PERSONS



CAROLYN REYNOLDS

## Yes, now

*yes is—well, like maybe;  
now is yes, rarely no:*

*yes—strange to live  
now in a crazy yes-world of  
maybe and almost real make-believe  
when  
now is have and is and  
yes is a dream of if;*

*yes—really rather sad to live  
now in a world of yes love  
and no now love  
and  
now talk of yes needs which  
are really no needs but  
yes—dream of old needs which  
are everybody's now needs;*

*yes—pathetic to live  
now in a nothing world of  
nearly negative yes and positive now  
and  
now long just to breathe and live love  
with one, sure, positive  
Yes, now.*

cr



## PADDED

*Small red smell  
From deepened kitchen  
Beneath the cobble  
stones*

*That shine like sugar  
Under a street light  
moon*

*Night giants, licorice shadows,  
Crawl around  
The dried-mud corner  
stones*

*That sigh aloud  
Some Lord of our year  
moon*

*"Little Cat looks  
like 'Boots,'" they said:  
Little Cat moves  
Along smooth,  
Like juice over ice  
that's nice . . .*

*"Big Chick looks  
like Ann," they said:  
Big Chick moves  
Along jagged,  
Like puffed pod  
that's nice too . . .*

*Little smooth Cat  
And big jagged Chick  
Got all hung up  
On an owleyed unicorn  
Laughing goldenly  
that's too nice . . .*

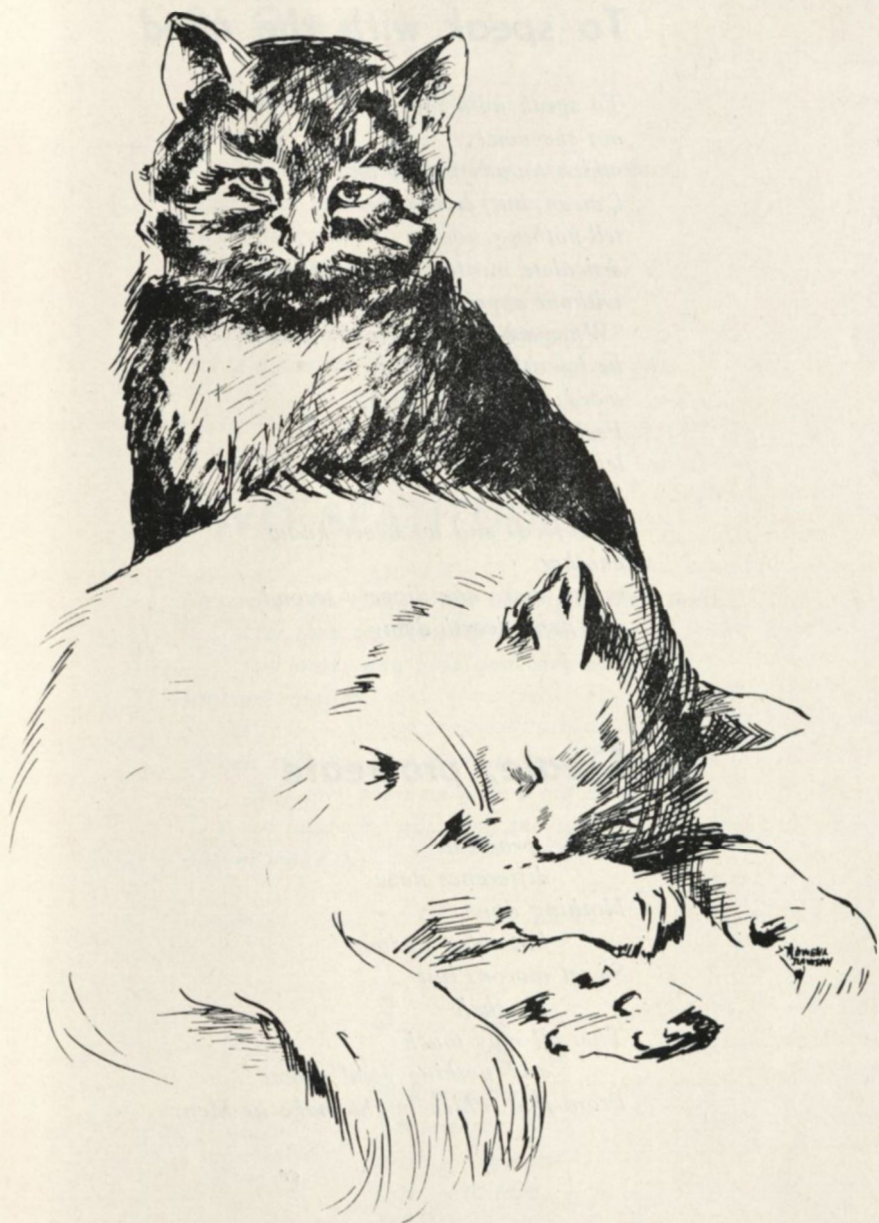
cr

## Reflection of Father & Son

I am tainted by your wholesomeness.  
You corrupt and stifle and legislate with your wash-and-dry morality.  
Fear-fouled shalls and shall-nots which ooze like mucous  
from your little high-buttoned souls.  
How can we be when we are smothered from birth by your  
ubiquitous ignorance and clam minds?  
Tell me of your holiness and righteous ways.  
I would hear of the light, the way, the truth!  
Ask God to send me a subscription to *Our Existence*,  
a membership card to the sanctum sanctorum.  
I perish for want of knowledge.  
Teach me of ye saints.  
Speak to me of the good life.  
Life? You do not live. You do not even die well.

Then who dies well?  
He who has known life honestly or he  
who, having tasted tinily, stands  
fearfully aside, or even above,  
and looks on in dishonest knowledge  
of what weeping is.  
Or perhaps it is he who flees his exigency  
for the reality of comfort into a shell of  
frustration for which he compensates with a violence  
that is alienated from feeling or even  
recognition of that which is loved.  
I say let us test him who knows his mind so well  
that he sits upon an impotent passion of if  
and laughs mockingly as he watches a would-be self  
ride the crest of the enormous orgasm  
down to the final screamed for ecstasy.





"SOMETHING FOR CAT"  
*Rowena Dawson*

## To speak with the mind

*To speak with the mind,  
not the voice,  
which sounds hollow and is  
I mean, but, er umm—  
tell-nothing noises,  
articulate mutters and mouthings  
without expression.  
“What are you thinking?” cannot  
be for other knowing;  
words are not for such.  
Feel with me what I feel,  
let me be you-self,  
In vain  
time feeds and we never know  
another  
mind, share one slippery second  
and deny dearth dying.*

## Create, procreate

*Create, procreate  
    difference none  
Nothing done  
    but what undone  
Sweet morons lust  
    for such  
That all may touch  
    and nothing good comes  
From that which might make us Men.*

*cr*

## \$1 Down

*God, what a night void of  
What  
Ask a silly question a rolling stone gathers  
Jesus loves me, what do I know  
Plenty to know too little  
Twinkle, twinkle little star  
Who gives a goddam who you are  
When life's love lost can be bought  
For a dollar down & all we ask is your guts*

## TWO BEATITUDES

*Blessed are they that weep silently in their souls  
for they are the poor lost children  
of lonely and void and they shall  
find no comfort.*

*Angels they are that blow as burned out junk  
like they come on with a big no-gig scene  
of later and nowhere and will groove  
not on make it.*

## 3

*In a man's life  
These three:  
Birth — to exist  
Life — to love  
Death*



## **autumnthoughts**

*it has come*

*stirring, almost, finally:  
days dog-hazy, indian-bright, then crystalline  
color subtle, unnatural, finally real.*

*it has went*

*remembered, anticipated, realized again:  
time of thought, preparation, retrospect  
life to live, living, fully lived.*

*why not always, this so good?  
ah but it could never would.*

cr

## **IN ANSWER TO S.C.**

*"I am dust.  
And you?"*

*and you? and you but mostly You  
are dust or so they say which  
is actually life is it not of  
which there is too brief & too little  
so let us rise in flame as the phoenix  
in youthful knowledge of I can &  
yes unlimited by they*

cr

## IN PATIENT

I love you and it's raining a lonely grey  
melancholy rain of rows of faded yellow  
bricks and closed windows and I miss you  
screams from the 8th floor harsh and god  
so ungentle because I guess it doesn't  
know how to be anything other than the  
sky is falling too in a mass of tiny wet  
drops sometimes called tears by me & the  
other lonely hell tainted souls up on the  
8th lost forever awhile to the otherplace-  
ness of the strange little rain birds from  
the other side of then & still it comes  
slowly subtly like something or other I  
forgot while aloneness pierces the soft  
inside of me like the sharp things they use  
upstairs with every splattering screaming  
drop and I sink deeply and lost without  
salvation it seems into the whole grey so  
grey nothingness of it.

cr



On  
Road





UP  
son

## **"il ne passeront pas"**

*fall leaves*  
    *to open another season of my soul's*  
    *maturing*  
*blow winds*  
    *and with your whirling fury*  
    *sweep the earth of autumn's decay*  
*fall snow*  
    *and gently cover the bareness*  
    *of this land*  
*come Spring!*  
    *that I might touch with*  
    *praise your infant cleanliness*  
*oh that man were like thee earth!*  
    *no fall winds*  
        *to sweep him pure*  
    *no winter snow*  
        *to cover his empty purpose*  
    *no fresh spring*  
        *to lift his heart and renew*  
                *his soul*

*we are each*  
    *the other's doom*  
*we forget*  
    *to seek the Spring!*

Eva B. Persons

# Hurricane

*The wind has come like some monster  
sucking up the soul of the sea  
and whirling around  
like a crazy child playing  
childish games and laughing at the world  
round and round it whirls  
Red-rover sent demon of destruction  
seeing by the glowing lights  
of battered down buildings and Polyphemus lighthouse  
searching for the carnival that has already closed  
World-destroyer innocent child wind  
with puffed out lip and temper clutched fist  
shattering windows, shaking shutters, banging boxes  
down Blind-man's bluff beaches  
Hide and seek playmate of the world  
screaming your high-pitched song  
of joy  
Chasing musical-chairs down the coast  
in search of love and hope and happiness . . . .  
And finally stopping to look back and quietly cry  
like a sad child for the blind  
bird he held too tight*

RoxAnna Arrington



## Love of One Kind

*Acquiesce the sun-cup fingers of my hand  
Conception of thought is the downfall of the land  
And catching pleasures yet to spurned  
Where applectarts are easy up and easy overturned  
I spoke a new word Its taste tea leaves  
Embroidered pillowslips are happy gypsy thieves  
A fortune in the bottom of the cup  
Let sorrow drink its liquid up  
Negligence fills the brim of good will  
To relegate a love takes skill  
A cursory grin from a fellow predatory beast  
Sears the brain Distend your nature in the least  
It is a confederacy of cryptic schemes  
How they enter the soul and press the seams  
Prodigious is the silence that says no thing  
It encircles the skull and shines like a ring  
Transparent is the paste that glues one person to another  
Odorous and deciduous breathless smother  
I dress in your love like petals  
An armour of hopeless invisible metals  
That thirsty catch the dew in haste  
And later rust and shed in waste*

RoxAnna Arrington

## A MEMORY OF TIME

My left hand is trembling just a little bit. I have been standing here looking at it for twenty minutes . . . not a short time, not a long time; for me, time no longer exists. There is a dimension between life and death, a rapturous purgatory of one's self, where time does not belong. It is like the drowning swimmer who sees thirty detailed and real years fly before him in a flash as the water closes his throat with bitter, burning saltiness. And primal man is able to sit back on his haunches and say, "During the first five millions years of my life, I accomplished the unforgivable feat of being born." The knife in my left hand is poised. I pause to be sure. Yes, there it is again, that nagging hatred. It must stop. Down through the ages the knife cuts; it must be done quickly and precisely. A clean cut across the purple veins of the right wrist. It is done. See, the first red bubble of blood comes up and spills over the side of the wound. Like a sentinel it halts to survey its new world and then speeds on its way followed by another and another. The pain is an exquisite disease; the physical contact of blade edge and living skin is a moment of truth. Medieval man grasps his wounded shoulder, and with clenched teeth he arouses all his draining energy to tear out the enemy's wooden arrow. Too late the pain that proclaims the reality of life a moment before death. I am alive; I know I am because the life inside of me is spilling down my arm onto the floor. I must destroy this life in order to save myself from it. I must stop thinking about them . . . or I shall die. It is there again, the hatred for them. Quickly the blade falls again. I feel the pain, and I know who I am. In the renaissance man discovered himself like a curious baby discovers the dirt between his toes. My flesh has a strange white look. I can feel, even hear the steady pattern of fluid throbbing through my veins. I stand and wait,



wondering if I shall think of them again. I must destroy them! It is the only way. They have no respect for life or love or anything that is real. Their only religion is one of control. Daily seeking to control, other people, other things. For them talent is control, love is control, knowledge is control. And the person who controls the most is the leader. It is a contest; it isn't life. The only reality is the destruction of those who will not be brought under control. They seek to destroy me. If I would live, I must destroy them or myself. In the age of reason man created knowledge to learn of his ignorance. Ignorance of the hand leads to wisdom of the heart. I bring the blade down slowly and meditate on each vibrating movement. The moment of contact of steel and flesh is like the clash of sword on shield. The silent metallic sound leaps through the air . . . a clash of pain and joy. I am like a monk with a begging bowl. World, give me a benevolent loaf of kind thoughts. Being is a disease whose first symptom is a malice of ideas. Catharize and purge the mind's mouth. I must not hate them . . . the neo-classicism of my own soul . . . I hate as an innocent child. I think of them again. The blood has made its way down my arm and has begun to splatter onto the floor. Wicked thought, punish the deed; another cut destroy the seed! The sight of one's own blood brings about a sickening feeling like the ebbing tide that leaves the naked shore to dry and rot in the sun. The smell of blood is sure to bring sharks. A beachcomber's life is a dangerous one. Does death hide behind the seventh cut like a pirate in a cove? The man of the present has his capsule culture and vitamin B, to be taken only when needed. I can stop. My body can live. No, I must live even if I destroy my body with them. I suffer for them with each cut. I shall destroy the hatred or it will destroy me. When I no longer hate them I will stop. The twenty-first century people look at us and laugh; we have left them no books on how to cry. I don't feel anything now.

RoxAnna Arrington



## Fix

*I need a fix. Quick  
tear open my flesh and  
stuff my veins with . . .  
trees, rabbits, and  
people.*

*I am addicted to life.  
Plunge the needle deep;  
send a stream of fluid, golden,  
river-like through my arm.  
Waters of Seine, Mississippi, Tigris,  
and Tajo  
flow to my heart.*

*I can't stand the pain.  
Fill me with friends and  
the dope of lovingness.  
Scratch my skin with girls; let women  
and men heal the wound.*

*I need a fix. Hurry  
there isn't much time left.  
Make me happy with existence.  
Keep your heroin;  
give me bridges,  
elephants, mountains,  
your smile . . .  
My body is big enough to hold it all.  
I am an addict to life.  
Help me quick!*

RoxAnna Arrington

## Swallow Song

*run in the mad wild love-forgotten  
summer  
like a bird flees before the  
winter wind  
chased by a compulsive drive  
mad desire he  
cannot understand  
while the rain throbs its soul into  
the earth  
thunder sound and singing wind  
like fury of  
falcon fire  
fly like an eagle out of the night  
knowing a fear that nothing names  
and no one tells  
sacrifice your dove dreams to the  
wind  
there is an olive branch at the  
edge of every tomorrow*

RoxAnna Arrington

## **judas**

*come with me and i will make you  
fishes and flies, tell no lies  
of men, the greatest lived and died  
blood and brains, a friend of Cain's  
in my mansion there are many—  
Jesus wept, prayed, and slept  
fathers, but the greatest of these is love  
a tiny waist, paid in haste  
pieces of silver sold for the plot  
weep my love, slain is the dove  
when i was a child i spake as a child  
words and tears, tongue and ears  
sticks and stones may break my —  
tape and gauze, speak and pause  
bones, couldn't put humpty together —  
sin and tell, live in hell  
again, whither thou goest i will-follow  
one hundred miles, grins and smiles  
Hail mary, Hail mary, Hail mary mother  
of god, pebble and clod  
along came a spider and sat down —  
infinite politeness, eternal triteness  
her, even fools deserve to die  
judas died twice, for a game of dice*

RoxAnna Arrington





YEN  
*Rowena Dawson*

## memorial to e. e. cummings

Cummings, who died in early September, 1962, at the age of 67, was a poet, a poet aptly called a "misplaced Victorian romantic" who considered love not as an emotion but as a diety. He was a poet whose creed consisted of a faith in the miracle of man's individuality and a belief in the wonder of the world. Cummings stood against anything which tended to limit man's individualism and to reduce this sense of wonder. His epitaph was perhaps best expressed by Fellow Poet Archibald MacLeish: "There are very few people who deserve the word poet. Cummings was one of them."

D.K.

*love is more thicker than forget  
more thinner than recall  
more seldom than a wave is wet  
more frequent than to fail*

*it is most mad and moonly  
and less it shall unbe  
than all the sea which only  
is deeper than the sea*

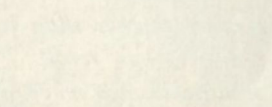
*love is less always than to win  
less never than alive  
less bigger than the least begin  
less littler than forgive*

*it is most sane and sunly  
and more it cannot die  
than all the sky which only  
is higher than the sky*

e. e. cummings



The Commission has received a report from the Secretary of the Georgia State Board of Education, dated January 1, 1914, in which he states that the Board has decided to recommend to the Commission the establishment of a State Normal School at Macon, Georgia. The Board also recommends that the State Normal School at Macon be established as a separate institution, independent of the Georgia State College of Education at Athens. The Board further recommends that the State Normal School at Macon be established as a four-year institution, and that it be authorized to confer degrees in education. The Board also recommends that the State Normal School at Macon be authorized to accept students from other States, and that it be authorized to accept students from foreign countries. The Board further recommends that the State Normal School at Macon be authorized to accept students from the Georgia State College of Education at Athens, and that it be authorized to accept students from the Georgia State College of Education at Athens who are qualified to enter the State Normal School at Macon. The Board also recommends that the State Normal School at Macon be authorized to accept students from the Georgia State College of Education at Athens who are qualified to enter the State Normal School at Macon. The Board further recommends that the State Normal School at Macon be authorized to accept students from the Georgia State College of Education at Athens who are qualified to enter the State Normal School at Macon.



Very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
[Signature]

Witness my hand and the seal of the  
Georgia State Board of Education  
this 1st day of January, 1914.  
[Signature]

Very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
[Signature]

